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THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

VOL. I.—No. 13. FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1881. ONE PENNY.

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AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.—THE NATIONAL THEATRE.—AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager.—THE WORLD, pronounced by the *Times* Newspaper, in its review of the theatrical year, to be most undoubtedly the greatest success of the year. By Augustus Harris, William Rignold, Macklin, Gibson, Boleyn, Lilly, Gresham, Ridley, and Harry Jackson; Miss Fanny Josephs, Miss Fanny Brough, Maud De Vere, Miss M'Namara, and Miss Louisa Payne.—THE STORES, at 7.30. A Cabinet Minister, Director of the Stores, Mr. Walter Pelham; his Daughter, Miss Kathleen Corri; a Leader of Fashion, Mr. Douglass Cox; the Secretary of Stores, Mr. De Lange; a General, Mr. Gregory; an Admiral, Mr. Boughton; a Bishop, Mr. Buccalossi; an Æsthete, Mr. Weldon; Shopkeepers, Swells, Duchesses, Marriageable Maidens, Soldiers and Sailors, the Bulgarian Army.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—THE CUP.—THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.—Alfred Tennyson's Tragedy, THE CUP, TO NIGHT, at a Quarter to Eight. Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, Mr. Terriss. THE CORSICAN BROTHERS at Half-past Nine. Mr. Irving. CORSICAN BROTHERS.—Last Morning Performance, To-morrow, Saturday. Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, Mr. IRVING. Doors open at 2.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—THIS EVENING, at 8, MICHAEL STROGOFF. Mr. C. Warner, Mr. H. J. Byron, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin; Messrs. J. Fernandez, Irish, Rosier, Warren, Russell, Palmer, Proctor; Mesdames Bernard-Beere and Gerard. At 7.15, BARNEY THE BARON. Mr. Shiel Barry, Miss Clara Jecks.

OLYMPIC.—JENNIE LEE.—JO.—FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.—THIS EVENING, at 8.30. Miss JENNIE LEE; Mesdames Dolores Drummond, M. Leighton, F. Smithers, C. Steele, F. Leyton, C. Humphreys, &c.; Mr. J. P. Burnett; Messrs. Howell, Dolby, Compton, Andrews, Leigh, Crisp, &c. Preceded, at 7.30, by FAMILY JARS. Misses Smithers and Leyton. Messrs. Compton, Crisp, Grahame. Box Office open 10 till 5. No Booking Fees. Carriages 10.45.—General Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.—OLYMPIC.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—7.0, OPERETTA. 7.20, LITTLE MOTHER: Miss L. Venne, &c. 8.30, FORTY THIEVES (Burlesque) in 3 Acts. Misses Farren, Vaughan, Gilchrist, Broughton, Gilbert, Hewett; Terry, Royce, Squire, Dallas, Two Macs, and Chorus.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—LAST POSITIVE TWO NIGHTS of Mr. EDWIN BOOTH'S ENGAGEMENT.—MERCHANT OF VENICE and KATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.—Mr. EDWIN BOOTH as Shylock and Petruchio, supported by Messrs. J. Ryder, W. Redmund, F. Charles, Beauchamp, Rayner, Calhaem, &c.; Misses Masson, Temple, Maud Middleton, &c.—Preceded, at 7.15, by Farce, THAT BLESSED BABY.—SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAY, April 2nd, will be produced an entirely New and Original Romantic Spectacular Drama of Sensational Interest, entitled, BRANDED, written by Richard Lee.

PRINCE of WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.40, a New Comedy, in Three Acts, called THE COLONEL, by F. C. Burnand. Preceded, at 7.50, by IN HONOUR BOUND, by Sydney Grundy. Mr. Coghlan, Mr. Flockton, Mr. W. Herbert, Mr. Eric Bayley, Mr. Rowland Buckstone, and Mr. Edgar Bruce; Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Myra Holme, Miss C. Grahame, Miss Eva Sothern, Mrs. Leigh Murray, &c. Doors open at 7.30; commence at 7.50. Box Office open daily, from Eleven to Five.—THE COLONEL. MATINEES, SATURDAY NEXT, March 26, MONDAY NEXT, March 28, WEDNESDAY, March 30, SATURDAY, April 2. Doors open at 2, commence at 2.30. An early application for seats is necessary.

GLOBE.—NAVAL CADETS.—LAST THREE NIGHTS.—Supported by Messrs. Celli, Bracy, Lorndan, Ashford, and Harry Paulton; Mesdames Amadi, Douglas, Maxwell, &c.—NOTICE.—The THEATRE will RE-OPEN on SATURDAY, the 16th April, with an entirely new Opera Comique, in Three Acts, by Offenbach, entitled MARGOT. First Time in this country. Produced under the immediate direction of Mr. H. B. Farnie, supported by a strongly augmented Company and elaborate Mise-en-Scene. Full particulars will shortly be announced.

ROYALTY.—The Ancestral Home of Burlesque. Manageress KATE LAWLER.—PEGGY: A New and Original Drama, by Joe MacKay, will be produced THIS EVENING, at Half-past Seven precisely. Characters by Kate Lawler, Harriet Coveney, Amy Crawfurd, Ruth Francis, Florence Lavender, Sylvia Grey, and E. Ritta; Edward Righton, Frank Cooper, H. Kelcey, H. Martell and Seymour Dallas. New and Realistic Scenery, specially designed and executed by Bruce Smith.—115TH NIGHT of DON JUAN JUNIOR. Now in the full tide of its success. 115TH NIGHT.—DON JUAN JUNIOR. "An overwhelming triumph."—GLOBE. Seats may be booked one month in advance. Musical Director, Herr Max Schroter; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank Rothsay; Acting and General Business Manager for Kate Lawler, Cecil Raleigh.

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STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUH.—THIS EVENING, at 8, a New and Original Opera Comique, in Three Acts, entitled OLIVETTE, adopted from the French of Chivot and Duru. Written and produced by M. B. Farnie. Preceded, at 7.30, by A SUMMER CLOUD. The Entertainment supported by a Powerful Company. Doors open at 7. Box Office open daily.—MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.0.

OPERA COMIQUE.—LAST NIGHTS.—THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE (346th Representation), an Original Melodramatic Opera, by Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, EVERY EVENING. Preceded at 8, by IN THE SULKS. Messrs. George Grossmith, Richard Temple, Rutland Barrington, F. Thornton, Durward Lely, G. Temple; Mesdames Emilie Petrelli, Ellen Shirley, Jessie Bond, Gwynne, Barlow, and Alice Barnett. Conductor, Mr. F. Cellier.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. R. D'OYLY CARTE.—MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

FOLLY.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. L. TOOLE. TO-NIGHT, at 7.30, HESTER'S MYSTERY. At 8.15, 340th Time, a New and Original Comedy, in Three Acts, by Henry J. Byron, called THE UPPER CRUST. Barnaby Doublechick, Mr. J. L. Toole. At 10.15, THE STEEPLECHASE. Mr. J. L. Toole. Box Office open 10 till 5.—Prices: 1s. to £3 3s. No Free List. No Fees for Booking. Doors open at 7.—MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW, at Two. THE WEAVERS OFF THE LINE, and BARDELL v. PICKWICK. Doors open 1.30. Toole in Three Pieces.

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ALHAMBRA.—LAST NIGHTS of MEFISTOFELE II., TO-NIGHT, at 8.—Artistes: Mesdames Loseby, St. Quinten, Rose Bell, Jamieson, Kate Lee, and Sallie Turner; Messrs. F. Leslie, W. S. Penley, Kelleher, Power, and Sweetman. In Act II., the WALPURGIS NIGHT REVELS (Music by Mendelssohn).—At 10.30, the New Grand Ballet, HAWAIA, invented and designed by Alfred Thompson. Music by G. Jacobi. Danseuses, Mdlles. Pertoldi, Rosa, Gillert, and the entire Corps de Ballet.—A FARCE at 7.30.—On MONDAY NEXT, JEANNE, JEANETTE, AND JEANNETON.

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H. FREEMAN.

THE CUCKOO

News and Gossip of the day.

VOL. I.—No 13. FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1881. ONE PENNY.

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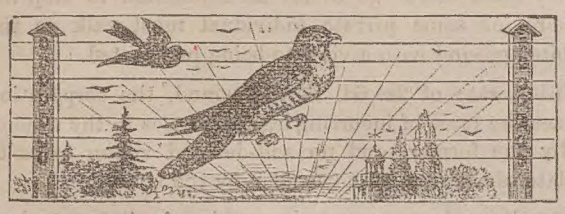

News from Abroad.

Candahar is to be vacated on the 24th of April, so says the *Whitehall Review*. But the 24th is a Sunday. Better the day better the deed?

It happens, however, to be "Low Sunday."

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, that Nihilists are divided into two broad sections—the active and the political. The former, as its name indicates, has action for its first principle, and it is to this organisation that we are indebted for the numerous outrages that have made Nihilism synonymous with crime in the sense of the whole civilised world.

The other aims more at indoctrinating the masses with democratic sentiment through the instrumentality of literature, clubs, and the platform; and its distinctive feature is "peaceful" agitation. The two have no connection, and the more intelligent members of the latter hold the murderous doctrines of the former in abhorrence.

Hartmann, the most daring conspirator in this age of assassins, is confidently stated to have been in St. Petersburg at the time of the Czar's assassination.

An important female criminal has just been arrested in Russia by the police—a woman believed to have exercised great influence over Russakoff, to have been a friend of Jedbjaboff, and to have been implicated in the crime of the other conspirator, Hartmann.

Two soldiers in the Paulovsky Regiment are understood to have identified the mutilated corpse of the mysterious person whose life was sacrificed simultaneously with that of the Emperor Alexander II. He was evidently the one who hurled the fatal bomb.

It is just possible that the remedy for Radicalism and revolution may be found in female government. Women are Conservative. From America we have the examples of the ladies of Utah upholding polygamy, of Wyoming opposing the introduction of liquor saloons, and of New York in protesting against educational innovations.

The Sorosis Club, at Delmonico's, New York, was organised by Alice Carey about twelve years ago, and has only had two presidents during that time—another argument for female respect for constitutions. The members are benevolent and wholesome-minded women, who blackball "woman's suffrage" females.

Joshua Smith, of Fond-du-Lac, ninety-nine years of age, has committed suicide, his reason being that he had so often sworn to his friends that he would kill himself rather than live to be a hundred! He was a man of his word.

Simple people will wonder how it is that funds continue to flow with such continued abundance from America into

the coffers of the Land League. At the last meeting of the organisation in Dublin, it was announced that of the total week's receipts of £2,354, £2,000 were from Transatlantic sources.

Roman workmen sigh after their old Saints' days, with their consequent rest from labour. A deputation of gold workers recently waited upon the Pope to bewail the profanation of the holy days by business and labour. His Holiness could only lament with his petitioners, and acknowledge his own impotence.

Dr. Jules Oppert, the eminent antiquarian, whose labours have thrown so much light on the ancient history of Assyria, has just been elected one of the forty Immortals in the French Academy, in succession to the late M. Mariette, the distinguished Egyptologist.

Chinamen threaten to colonise Western Australia, making Perth the head-quarters of their small-trade operations, and the rest of Australia, seeing afar off the danger that threatens, have memorialised the Colonial Office on the subject.

It is very easy to sympathise with them; but very difficult to suggest a remedy.

Why not make the smoking of opium penal in Western Australia? The Chinamen would never be numerous if this were done.

To-day will be inaugurated in Père La Chaise, Paris, the monument erected by public subscription to the two victims of the tragic occurrence of the Zenith balloon. M. Gaston Tissandier, who had such a marvellous escape, will deliver a speech on the occasion.

Paris is expecting a visit from the Princess Metternich before long.

Mdlle. Pierson, one of the actresses at the Paris Vaudeville, is described as having "sacrificed good taste to her intense desire for novelty," and Paris is gossiping about it.

The jupe is of black satin, heavily laden with jet; the corsage is bright crimson; and the head crowned with red and black feathers, and diamonds everywhere. What a beautiful insect she would make—a red and black head, red body, and black tail!

News from the Country.

His worship of Scarborough, if modest, is also frank. Speaking at the unique banquet at Leeds the other night, he expressed his firm belief that teetotallers were fit for any position the nation could give them.

As for himself, he had not sought his present office, but when it did come he did not throw it in anybody's teeth, because he knew he deserved it.

Whitby, in Yorkshire, has developed a housebreaker at the "tender" age of twelve. The adjective is the local paper's. The promising boy, who had forcibly broken into a dwelling-house during the absence of the inmates, and stolen therefrom one shilling was ordered to be chastised by the police, the Bench refraining from sending him to gaol from a feeling of compassion for what *ought* to have been the tenderness of his youth.

But I suspect the only tenderness of which the youth was capable would discover itself in the course of the castigation.

Bath is just now having its own particular little scandal; at least, I infer so from the following query, which I find in one of the Bath papers:—"Is it a fact that an official at a place of worship in this city has been expelled from one of the local Young Men's Associations for certain conduct in connection with its library?"

I also hear of probable "interesting revelations" in connection with other members.

Before I quit the subject of Bath, too, I may remark that serious complaints are being made that the School Board does not deal out even-handed justice between its own and other schools. The district inspectors are said to be devoting nearly the whole of their time to hunting up the casual absentees from the Board School with phenomenal diligence, leaving other places to get along as best they may.

Of course the Board School earns a large grant in consequence, and plumes itself on its superiority over its sectarian rivals.

Aldershot was treated last night to some excellent amateur theatricals, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught being among the audience. The camp steeplechases are fixed for the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of April.

A Dramatic Society was started recently in Grantown (Strathspey), and the local minister preached at it at once. "If you will watch those who join it," said he to his congregation, "you will find every one of them go wrong."

Upon this the Dramatic Society convened a meeting, and without a dissentient voice the minister was voted a jackass. Which proved the minister right, for it is going very wrong indeed to call your minister names.

New Shoreham is in a despondent mood about its roads—or, rather, about a certain road which the lord mayor proposes to enclose.

They want to resist, and, so far as the abstract principle is concerned, they are unanimous, but the How is a stumbling-block.

They must either go in for an injunction to stop the enclosure, or some private individual must walk on the prohibited ground with a view to being prosecuted.

With a rate of 2s. 6d. in the pound, the corporation don't see the force of incurring legal expenses to the tune of £100 by the former, and no self-devoted victim cares to immolate himself for his townsmen by the latter.

Altogether, there seems to be nothing for it but pocketing the affront, and trying to look unconscious.

Those familiar with Bournemouth will perhaps be interested to learn that the burial ground attached to the Church of Lady St. Mary, at Wareham, is to be closed forthwith against sepultures, by order of the Home Secretary.

Church affairs are in a languishing state in Bournemouth. I am informed that at St. Peter's and St. Swithin's the congregations—tacitly, perhaps, but none the less effectually—refuse to give at the offertories at all, and Bishop Ryan has been compelled to announce that he can-

not carry on the latter church any longer without a guarantee fund.

Preachers have a new source of income opened up to them if they can earn a "ready penny" by turning funeral orations—or sermons—to account, I apprehend that the practice will not very largely obtain, but the Rev. R. Buchanan has caught the happy thought, and is realising it—at the rate of 4d. a copy.

I don't know whether or not it is the abnormal character of the event which places the *golden* opportunity in the rev. gentleman's reach, but it certainly is a case of a very unusual nature.

It arises out of a dispute about a grave where three generations of Collards have been buried, but it is rumoured that they must be exhumed or newly interred elsewhere, in consequence of the grave being the property of another family of Collards, and members of their family having no right of burial in what has hitherto been considered the vault of the Herne Bay branch.

A heavy failure is reported in the Staffordshire iron trade, Messrs. Rose and Sons, of Moxley, having filed a petition with liabilities estimated at £40,000.

In striking contrast to this, I may mention the flourishing condition of the Yorkshire shipping trade, the Whitby Steam Packet Company having declared a dividend of 40 per cent.

Cases of fortune-telling are unpleasantly frequent in various parts of the country. It is difficult to make a correct apportionment of the blame between the impostor and the dupe in these affairs, but the course adopted by the Leeds magistrates the other day—that of sending the pretended reader of horoscopes to gaol of six months, is perhaps best calculated to put a stop to the scandal.

Gloucester stands very much in the same position as Chester in the matter of corrupt practices at the elections. Out of a total of 4,409 persons exercising the franchise at the General Election, 2,136 exercised it corruptly, of whom 220 were bribers, the remainder being receivers.

By the way, I see the Gloucester Choral Union has had a most successful performance of Haydn's "Creation" at the Shire Hall, with Miss Anna Williams, Mr. C. Fredericks, and Signor Ghilberti in the principal solos.

St. Winifrid's Well, the scene of many a pious pilgrimage, is a lucrative source of income to the Holywell Local Board. I believe its annual rent to the Roman Catholic clergy amounts to £125.

I am glad to hear from a seaside Devonshire friend that the directors of the Torquay Aquarium and Winter Garden have erected in that paradise of invalids a really fine building, with great dramatic capabilities. Money is not wanting to carry it on with spirit, and, lastly, they have taken care to secure the valuable services, as manager, of Mr. Dove, Keighley, under whose rule the similar resort at Great Yarmouth was a flourishing institution.

Mr. Thomasson, M.P., has offered £1,000 to the town which he represents towards furnishing the newly-erected museum. Bolton is always fortunate in the public spirit of her citizens.

Manchester, I am glad to know, is to have the benefit of Lord Dunraven's oratory to-morrow night on the subject of Candahar. To those who have not heard him speak let me say that my lord has logic, wit, apt and abundant language, the strongest convictions, and to the fullest extent the courage of them.

Six persons, and all Conservatives, have had informations laid against them in connection with the Boston Election Commission. Four of them are, or have been, members of the Town Council. They are to appear in the metropolis on the 31st inst., but the trial will take place at the Lincoln Assizes.

Vacation time for Easter has now set in at Oxford, and residence for the summer term will not begin before the close of Easter week.

Three workmen have been literally blown to pieces by an explosion which took place at Wrexham on Wednesday night whilst they were occupied in gauging some explosives for blasting.

Portsmouth is just now in the throes of a severe scare, which has been caused by the discovery, on the seat of a railway carriage, a parcel containing some 3lbs. of coarse blasting powder. The public, of course, suspect sinister designs against life and property, but the police suspect that the ammunition has been smuggled ashore from a war-ship, as the packages are just those used to load 12-pounder guns.

What can have been the cause of the desperate riot which took place at Hartlepool yesterday, in which some forty roughs took part, and which resulted in a sergeant of police and a constable being very seriously injured?

The lace-makers of Nottingham should look to their laurels. I hear that one of the largest manufacturers in the town contemplates migrating, bag and baggage, north of the Tweed, the object of his removal being cheaper labour. My informant says that the gentleman in question will pitch his tent at either Stonehouse, in Lanarkshire, or Newmilns, in Ayrshire. At the latter place a colony of lace-workers has sprung into existence within the past five years. The district threatens to become a dangerous rival to Nottingham, which had previously an exclusive monopoly of the machine lace trade of this country. The Ayrshire workers receive less than half the rate of wages paid in Nottingham.

Mr. Middleton, the junior member for Glasgow, is, I am sorry to learn, still mentally incapacitated from attending to his Parliamentary duties. In these circumstances I should not be surprised to hear shortly of the honourable gentleman's resignation. The Liberals of Glasgow, although counting on the probability of a vacancy in the representation of the city, are not yet prepared with a candidate.

News of Town.

Gossip of the Lobby.

Mr. James Bryce is an excellent mountaineer; he has been to look for the Ark on the top of Mount Ararat; and he has contracted a deep admiration for the Armenians. All these points are in his favour. But when will he learn that England will neither spend a man nor lose a shilling for the sake of all the Armenians south of the Caucasus?

It is all very well to draw up resolutions and fire off speeches about the wrongs of a suffering people. As far

as Armenia is concerned, however, agitation in England can have only one result. It may encourage the people to do something desperate on the strength of English sympathy, the inevitable consequence of which will be that they will be finally knocked on the head by Russia or Turkey.

And this, too, just the same as if the Member for the Tower Hamlets had never gone in search of Noah's Ark, or imported a tamed patriarch.

Candahar and the Transvaal are more intimately associated than many imagine. The retention of both was the necessary outcome of the Beaconsfield policy, and the reversal of that policy involves the withdrawal from both.

In the Queen's Speech it was not thought prudent to make the rival policies of the two Governments too marked, so the withdrawal from Candahar only was announced, whilst the Queen's honour and sovereignty were to be vindicated in the Transvaal.

Sir Frederick Roberts having distinguished himself at Candahar, and having spoken in the hotbed of Jingoism in a patriotic manner about long service and *prestige* is sent off to the Transvaal as a blind—and a very clever blind, too—because the country thought a better General to retrieve our disasters and our honour could not be found.

The lobby presented an exciting scene from four until half-past four o'clock yesterday. Gossip was incessant—Candahar and Lawson and Labouchere getting terribly mixed. The reason of this confusion of names and subjects arose, I am told, because the *Daily Telegraph* was wiring the *Truth* about Candahar to an expectant nation.

Lord Lytton was to be observed wrapt in thought, and twirling his cane. Sir Henry James looked important as he hurried through the Lobby in big-bottomed wig. Petitions came flowing in like bees, and Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett carried 58 in triumph through the Lobby.

Within the House there were all the signs of an impending field-night, and I pitied the pretty doves caged in the ladies' gallery, and wondered when the House of Commons, arriving at the wisdom of the serpent, would set the fair ones free!

"A cord of three strands is not quickly broken," and the questions of Sir George Campbell, Mr. Dalrymple, and Viscount Sandon elicited important admissions from the Marquis of Hartington.

In the City.

Emmas went up and Emmas went down,
The Baron of Broad-street's a man of renown.

Although we have every respect for the writer of the article in *Truth*, termed "Mammon," we must confess that the information concerning the Stock Exchange is very second-hand. He need not distress himself as to the *modus operandi* of transactions conducted there. It has been fully discussed in previous publications. The Committee have always severely punished any act of illicit dealing that has come within their knowledge, and invariably strive to protect the public against the so-called run of "Stags" mentioned in his summary. No settlement is ever granted without the most rigid inquiry, and, with the recent acquisition of seven new members on that body for the ensuing year, we believe that this rule will be very much strengthened.

Railway returns are not reassuring. I see that the traffic receipts for the North-Eastern showed a decrease of £10,253 for the week ending the 19th inst. The falling was particularly heavy in the merchandise department.

The Turners' Company again offer their usual prizes for specimens of hand-turning in wood, pottery, and metal. Mr. Morley gives £10 10s. for specimens of amateur skill in ornamental turning, and there are also some special prizes. The objects must be delivered at the Mansion House during the week ending October 8.

Epping Forest is terribly swampy, and the Corporation, if they are really desirous of turning it to account for "the people," should push on the drainage works as fast as possible. Another thing they should do is to keep a watchful eye upon the roughs who break the boughs off the trees wholesale, especially on Sundays, as soon as there is any appearance of greenness upon them. The trees are stumpy enough already, through having been topped so many years by the privileged people of Loughton and the neighbourhood.

The activity of the City police in obtaining convictions against men who cruelly overwork or ill-treat their horses is highly commendable; but if it is true that the constables get five shillings from the "knackers" for every poor animal that is doomed to be turned into cats' meat, their humane feelings are liable to considerable discount.

Egyptian Unified touched 73⅛ on Wednesday. This is the highest price ever attained.

Commander Cameron, R.N., the African traveller, who Mr. Maurice Grant, *né* Gottheimer, secured as a director of the Akandoo Mining Company, has sailed from Liverpool for the Gold Coast to report upon the mine prior to the purchase money being paid over to the vendors.

This brings to my mind the fact that one important mining enterprise now on the market is *sub rosâ* fathered by the Baron of Leicester-square.

In how many more pies has he lately had his finger, I wonder? Rumour says that the Baron is now doing a bigger and better paying business than in the old Emma Mine days.

To be left out in the cold is never pleasant, but this expectation has for days brought nightmare to some unhappy holders of Pisco to Yca Railway bonds. What else but misery could such a name bring? However, thank goodness, their troubles are at an end, Senor Blesh Gana, the Chilian Minister, having granted them equal rights with the Peruvian bondholders. They may send in their bonds up to the last day of the month.

The Day's Amusements.

Latest regatta news is from Nice. A schooner race, from Nice to Genoa, is fixed for Monday, the Prince of Monaco being one of the competitors, and Mr. Alfred Rothschild the judge.

Among the competitors in other events are Lord Wilton, Marquis of Exeter, Sir A. B. Walker, the Earl of Gosford, Lord Otho Fitzgerald, and Major Harmer.

Daft's team has been invited by St, Luke's Club, at Southampton, to play them on the local cricket ground early in May.

Wilts is shortly to have a County Cricket Club of its own, and I hear that the club will start under very auspicious circumstances.

If Mr. Cotton should retire—as rumour credits him with the intention of doing at the close of the present season—from the mastership of the hounds in the Isle of Wight, it will be a matter of very general regret.

As Master of the Foxhounds he has won a high degree of popularity, having, among other good deeds in that capacity, given, as a rule, three days' hunting a week and doubled the number of foxes in that country during his *régime*.

Our amateur athletes must look to their laurels, or they will find the chief honours of the Championship Meeting this summer carried off by an American.

Mr. Lawrence E. Myers, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, will shortly sail for this country.

He is reported by holders of good watches to have run 100 yards in 9⅞ secs. This, of course, must be accepted *cum grano salis*, but the following unrivalled records undoubtedly stand to his name:—100 yards in 10 secs. dead; 250 yards in 26¼ secs.; 350 yards in 29 1-5th secs.; 440 yards in 49 1-5th secs.; 880 yards in 1 min. 56⅕; and 1,000 yards in 2 min. 18¾ secs. From 100 yards to 1,000 his records are unbeaten. His mile time, 4 min. 29 1-2, however, will not compare with that of our English champion, Mr. W. G. George—namely, 4 min. 23 1-5th secs. The meeting of the pair will be eagerly looked forward to. If they meet in the mile and half-mile the excitement will reach fever heat.

The Championship Meeting this year will be held at Birmingham, *not* at Lillie Bridge. Doubtless, the arrangement made by the Amateur Athletic Association, whereby the *venue* of the annual competition is changed every year, is a wise one, but it is a trifle disappointing to Londoners to find, just as the Championship Meeting receives an additional fillip, that it has been transplanted from Lillie Bridge to Birmingham.

But, after all, Londoners have only themselves to thank for the change. They never thoroughly supported the meeting when held at Lillie-bridge. The attendance of the public at each annual *réunion* was invariably meagre. At Birmingham thousands will be present.

There are 392 nominations this year for the Grand Prix de Paris.

Among these are no more than two or three English three-year-olds that last season won some distinction.

This is the largest entry ever known.

Amongst the "dark blue" recruits for the cricket field this year, we have Mr. Kemp, late Captain of the Harrow Eleven, who has migrated to Hertford College; Mr. Leslie, the Commander of last year's Rugby team, who is in residence at Oriel; and Mr. Shaw, late Captain of Forest School, Walthamstow. The great Oxford and Cambridge match will take place on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of June, as usual, at Lords.

Why should there not be a *real* dead-heat this year for the boat race, seeing the competitors are of the same blood, the same age, train in the same way, and row in the same kind of boats? At all events, the individual who took a bet of 1,000d. to 1d. (when it was not a real one) has expended another "brown" on the chance of it *really* happening this year. On the occasion of Phelps's "couldn't divide 'em" dead-heat odds varied materially, some speculators being satisfied with a 100 to 1 and 200 to 1 on that event.

"Nothing doing on the Boat Race" is the return of the bookmakers at the Victoria and Albert Clubs to communications sent from the provinces to be executed on that great event, the professional speculators evidently being determined, to use a slang and racing term, "not to be in the cart" this year. So long as there were flats to be found laying 2 to 2½ to one on the Dark Blues, so long was there a "Market," but now the odds have become nearly evens speculation has suddenly ceased, several days having elapsed since a quotation on the subject has been observed in the newspapers. The fact is the "talent" are entirely ignorant of the comparative merits of the two crews at present, and will be so until the Oxonians reach Fairfax House, Putney, when their chances will be "guaged" to an ounce, unless the dark ones are clever enough to double the touts.

Since Mr. Edwardes Moss has been superintending their work, writes a friend, the feather is much cleaner while there is not such a tendency to hang at the finish of the stroke. Some of the men, however, look fit to row to-morrow, and I am afraid if they continue having so much hard work, they will be overtrained. Both Pinckney and Brown look as if a short rest would do them no harm, and, to my eye, Harrison, of Keble, the reserve man, appears more likely to last a four mile and half course than the former. I hear that one or two of the men are off their feed a bit.

Lady Newman, who had been greatly backed, broke down yesterday, and was scratched for the Grand National. I shall therefore substitute Cross Question to supply, with The Liberator and Woodcock, the first three past the post.

In the list of Cambridge Classical Honours men, issued yesterday, appears the names of the following:—F. B. Westcott, who ranks as Senior Classic; also J. W. Walker (Pembroke), athlete; J. D. F. Murray (Trinity), football; A. Nimmo, formerly captain of the First Trinity Boat Club; A. F. J. Ford, secretary to the Cambridge Cricket Club, and many other prominent athletes.

The Cambridge University Athletic Sports commenced yesterday, J. G. Bradshaw (Jesus), won the one mile in 4 min. 32 3-5 sec. by five yards from the hon. sec., W. W. Hough (Corpus), who, we are glad so find, has recovered from his late accident. F. Stovery (Trinity), won putting the weight, his record being 36 ft. 3 in. Several handicaps were commenced, and will be continued to-day and to-morrow.

The London Scottish Rifle Volunteers held a successful Assault-at-Arms at the St. George's Hall last evening. Among the crowded company present were Lord and Lady Elcho, his lordship having been a former Colonel of this corps.

The Winchester College Scholars Annual Steeplechase took place yesterday, the distance being about one and a half miles, with some good fences. Saunders and Davies were the first two in, in the order named, of about seventy competitors.

Toole will "Try a Magistrate" at the Sutton Public Hall on Tuesday afternoon, the 5th of April, when Miss Sarah Thorne takes a benefit to recoup her for the loss sustained by an accident during her recent pantomime visit, when the whole of the proscenium fell forward, and did great damage to the scenery, besides injuring two or three people. I hope some of the local "beaks" will attend to be tried.

On the same occasion, Thomas Thorne, of the Vaudeville, will appear as Hugh de Brass, in *A Regular Fix*; and Mr. J. Maclean, of the Vaudeville, and Miss Emily Thorne, of the Folly, will also take parts.

With such attractions the benefit should be a "bumper."

Gossip of Town.

LAWSON v. LABOUCHERE.

(FROM OUR OWN GOSSIP.)

The first day free from the whims and vagaries of the witness-box, and so—as providing food for laughter—without profit.

Mr. Labouchere finished a monumental self-defence in time for luncheon.

He may have trifled over points material to the issue, he may have explained others to his own satisfaction—and not to mine. But Judges sum and Juries settle, and they must really decide between them.

At this stage they concern no sane creature who values the "liberty of the subject."

Mr. Labouchere, despite his voice, worn into a harsh, vibrating rasp, forgot himself at times and lapsed into undoubted eloquence. His arguments were as bold as his assertions. Declaimed with force and fire, and with impressive suiting of action to word, and word to action, it astonished probably no one more than Mr. Labouchere himself.

Unconscious eloquence and unpumped passion are, happily, not at every man's command.

When Liberal "Labby" stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that words betray,
'Gainst Lawson, Holkar, Giffard, Holl he
Still strains to prove those words away.

"It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives." As Mr. Labouchere brought Dr. Johnson into his defence, there is no harm in recalling the passage.

Mr. Labouchere's acquaintance with Autolycuses is, he says, rather extensive. Where does Mopsa come in?

It was grateful to the gods to see Mr. Labouchere draped and gyrating, after the labours of the day, in Mr. Russell's wig.

The iron hand peeped from the velvet glove for the first time when applause stimulated Mr. Labouchere to sit down.

At any manifestation, said my Lord, the Court should be cleared. He had done it before, and meant what he said.

In his younger days Lord Beaconsfield, asked as a candidate what he stood upon, replied, "I stand upon my head." If a man ever stood upon his head in any English Court of Justice it is "the defendant, m'Lud."

After Mr. Labouchere came the faultless oratory of Mr. Charles Russell, decorated with the ornate trappings of the practised pleader.

The voice now sweet and low as summer zephyrs among bullrushes; now loud and crashing through the Court like a cyclone at romps.

Action murderous in intent at one moment, as though the suffering desk in front were the shameless features of Mr. Lawson, which he, with clenched fist, would batter; now soft and gentle as the widowed mother to her orphaned babe.

The address was rich and racy of that soil whose every son, gentle and simple, traces descent from mighty lines of primeval kings. Mr. Russell himself has a distinguished presence.

Mr. Russell appears familiar with the works of his Milesian countryman, Misther William Shaarkspaar. Mr. Lawson was pleasantly compared to the late Pistol—Antient Pistol, as he was known among friends. By some daring flight of fancy, Pistol later on became Bob Acres. The period at which they blended escaped the notice of the Court.

Then Mr. Russell dilated upon the Cork whisky of the "Cheshire Cheese," which is another blend.

Witnesses who had waited wearily all day to pass their legal examination, woke up at Mr. Russell's peroration.

Mr. George Lewis was the one fortunate witness to leave the box a free man.

On the morning after the fracas Mr. Labouchere was without bruise. By Mr. Lewis: The brand of Cane—"my uncle's"—did not darken his open brow.

The patient mob waiting all day in Westminster Hall construed Mr. Gladstone's non-attendance into a wilful insult and a deliberate breach of public duty. The impression seemed to be that he would address the Bench from the Court steps.

Among the witnesses examined to-day may be the Prime Minister, certainly Mr. Edmund Yates, and probably Mr. Labouchere's important witness referred to in the defence.

The young lions of Peterborough Court will not be paraded. Modern Van Amburghs have come to grief.

DESTRUCTION OF THE OPERA HOUSE AT NICE.—The catastrophe I epitomised yesterday in a few startling words, within an hour or two after its occurrence, proves to have been more appalling even than was anticipated.

Seventy, it is true, and not a hundred, were the number of the victims whose remains had been identified among the ruins. But the manner of their destruction was beyond description horrible.

The crush and struggle in the lobby of those who were entrapped seem to have been comparable only to the frightful efforts to extricate themselves of the doomed in the Black Hole in Calcutta.

Sixty-three charred and mutilated bodies had been brought to light early yesterday afternoon among the *débris*. Heartrending scenes were witnessed on the recognition among the corpses, by one or another in the crowd, of some lost relative.

Conspicuous among these, blackened by the flames and smoke, and clasped in each other's arms, were the three forms—evidently a little home group—of a man, his wife, and their child—the child having yet in its hand an orange. The spectacle is described by one who has witnessed both as only to be paralleled by that revealed on the morrow of the burning of Bazeilles.

A gas explosion first apprised the audience of the peril in which they were placed. Dense clouds of smoke then poured forth in suffocating volumes.

Two of Signora Donadio's brother singers, the basso-tenor and the baritone, are presumed to have been stifled, their remains, as yet, being nowhere discoverable.

Of the dense throng in the galleries it is believed that no more than ten individuals have escaped.

The sailors from the squadrons anchored in the roads took the chief part in extinguishing the flames, and showed the greatest bravery.

A subscription has been opened at Nice, and meanwhile the funds collected for the regatta, which was to have been held to-day, are also being diverted to the needs of the sufferers. Not a single English man or woman was among the victims.

Terrible as the tragedy was, it is impossible not to rejoice that the fire did not occur on an ordinary night, when owing to larger crowds, it takes twenty minutes to reach the door even from the best seats.

IN GAOL FOR LIBEL.—A gentleman who has just finished his term of three months' first-class misdemeanancy for a little matter of libel has been good enough to furnish us with the following details, in the hope that they may be of interest to the public in general.

Premising, for the information of persons not altogether so well-informed as himself, that the only civil wards are in Holloway and Wandsworth, our correspondent goes on to say:—"A first-class misdemeanant may go, of course, to Newgate or to Pentonville as a temporary resting-place; but the former has no accommodation for such prisoners, while the latter is only a "penal" servitude prison. Nor can a first-class misdemeanant be taken to his destination in a Black Maria, as the dignity of his offence requires, in prison etiquette, that he should be conveyed in a cab at the public expense. So, when convicted, he goes to Holloway, and becomes a member of what is called the Civil Wing, and will have for his gaol associates the noble army of debtors—consisting for the most part of seedily-bestowed fathers who refuse to support their illegitimate offspring—together with a few units in the shape of Chancery prisoners, and a sprinkling of persons who are detained for threatening injury to the person.

This is always supposing that the Lord Chief Justice will be good enough to insert in the warrant for the commitment the words "First-class Division." Should he omit to do so, the prisoner will be relegated to the criminal side of the prison, and will have to take his turn on the wheel.

Assuming him, however, to be a first-class misdemeanant, the prisoner would be removed from the Court of Queen's Bench, Westminster, to the heights of Holloway in a cab—the fare is four shillings, which the tipstaff cheerfully pays—and ushered through the outer gates, the exile will be confronted by two green dragons clutching their keys of office over the second portal. This spectacle will not suggest much hope to the mind of the entering delinquent. Let him here take his last look round. For he will now be passed from warder to warder, till, conveyed through dingy passages and up stone stairs, he finds himself standing upon the asphalted floor of his compulsory abiding place. Probably the first thing that strikes him will be the cleanliness of the prison and the preciseness of its arrangements. The wing consists of a couple of galleries and the basement, where are the baths and debtors' common room. He will probably be escorted to a compartment in the first gallery, and will excite just the same sort of attention as a new boy does at school—he will, in fact, be what in gaol parlance is known as "a new robin."

His "little room"—on the spade principle, it is a cell—will be about fifteen feet by eight, with bright, black-leaded floor, an iron bedstead, a three-legged stool, a copper basin, and a wooden tub to wash himself in, besides other sanitary appurtenances.

By thoughtful foresight, the glass of the little window is fluted, so that the prisoner will not have the satisfaction of surveying any portion of the outer world. Indeed, nothing of the outer world, except the uproar of drunken men at night, comes to mar the equable atmosphere of the gaol. By paying three and sixpence a-week, he may avoid the otherwise rigid rule that he shall go down on his knees and black-lead his own floor every morning. For this modest sum, also, he may get rid of his slops.

His first act, according to precedent, will be the inditing of an appeal to His Excellency the Governor that, pending the arrival of the Visiting Committee, he may be allowed to wear his own clothes.

Should this privilege not be specially asked for and accorded, the prisoner (after a bath) will be put into a prison suit of blue serge, with the Government broad arrow on a very conspicuous portion of his person.

During his term of incarceration, our hero will become familiar with the watch-cry of "Kow—kow!" This rings throughout the corridors at breakfast and tea times, when half-a-pint of cocoa and a small loaf of brown bread are served up for the delectation of the inmates. By preferring the request, however, he will be allowed to keep his own tea and sugar.

He will not be permitted to drink any spirits, nor dare he smoke—no, not the mildest whiff from the most perfumed cigarette. A pint of malt liquor or half-a-pint of wine per diem—such will be the captive's modest allowance.

He will be in receipt of *one* London newspaper per day, but he will be prohibited from engaging in any journalistic work whatever, or writing anything which is intended for publication earlier than the day on which he regains his liberty. I always received the *World*, and it was a god-send. One of a string of debtors and contumacious captives, the libellous one will be marched into chapel—a dingy barn of a place—every morning at a quarter to nine. He will find the chaplain, irreverently termed "Holy Joe," a diminutive person with very gigantic notions of himself, and will early make the discovery that his reverence does not speak the speech trippingly on the tongue, but mouths it as players do.

The chaplain will be an interesting figure to the delinquent, for he is the literary censor of the place. He would not pass the Christmas number of *Truth* into the prison for me though I begged hard, and even withheld the ordinary issues of that admirable journal.

But then the chaplain has an antipathy to Shakespeare, although he will pass Shelley and *The Licensed Victuallers'*. He will make one inquiry into the state of the poor exile's soul, ask him whether he prays for himself, and will then preach at him twice every Sunday. In the course of these discourses the prisoner will have to silently accept the diminutive chaplain's assurances that, as a rule, he works twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and that he never knowingly told a lie. He will also be informed that there is something in Mother Shipton after all, and that the end of the world—a gospel for debtors—is a mere matter of a few months now.

His Excellency the Governor, it will be discovered by our hero, is a handsome, courtly gentleman of about fifty years, always ready, within his duty, to accord such privileges as education or natural tastes might yearn for, but almost entirely subordinate, however, to the Visiting Committee. This body consists of aged busy-bodies, who make confusion worse confounded in the discipline of the gaol. Our hero will have to keep on good terms with the chief warder. He can do this by always addressing that functionary as "The Deputy-Governor." The Deputy-Governor was once a tailor, and is strong in gold lace now. He is a very active person in his control, as our hero will find should he fall into his clutches.

The chops and steaks to be had from the neighbouring tavern are so very variable in their consistency and tempo-

rature that the captive will really have to make some special arrangements as to how he is going to feed himself, if he intends to eat like a Christian.

He will be locked in his cell every evening at a quarter to six, his gas will be put out (with no chance, either, of relighting it) at half-past eight, and at six every morning a warder will open his door to see whether he is dead or alive. If dead, of course he can insist upon an inquest: if alive, he must state whether he wishes to see the Governor or the doctor.

A perky youth, with a good conceit of himself, is the physician at Holloway Gaol, and the libellous *détenu* will find the household medicine very effective.

If he wishes to remain away from chapel, he must either proclaim himself a heathen or get the doctor's certificate.

For the matter of exercise, the delinquent will be invited to spend four hours out of each day in walking round what used to be a cabbage garden, but is now an empty earth plot, surrounded by lofty and bilious-looking walls. As regards amusement, he may nurse the prison cat; a black person of very affable habits.

All his incoming letters will be opened, and all his outgoing correspondence must pass the Governor unsealed.

The visits allowed—unless the person be a persistently contumacious clergyman, who masquerades the Mass—are far fewer and further between than is generally imagined, and indeed, if the visitor is not a solicitor, he may experience some difficulty in getting inside. There is an exception made in favour of wives, but the interview must always be within sight of a warder.

Should the captive come under such conditions as these I have faithfully described, to obviate any playful little effort at self-destruction or other prank of the sort, his razor will be taken from him on his entrance to gaol—probably his money also, so that bribery becomes impossible, since his funds will be paid out to him in instalments as he is supposed to need it.

Very rough, indeed—except for Ritualistic clergymen and Irish "pathriots"—is first-class misdemeanancy now-a-days. Ask Mr. James Mortimer if it isn't."

A correspondent complains of the state of the farming interest in this country, and asks, is it not time that our Government should institute a searching inquiry before it is too late.

In this connection I see that the Duke of Richmond's agricultural commission is put down for £15,990 in the financial year just ending, and for £12,658, in the one about to commence, while the probable duration or total cost of the commission cannot be estimated.

Inquiry is dear at that price.

Legible shorthand, in spite of certain derisive remarks directed against it by the *Phonetic Journal*, is winning its way into public notice, as was clearly shown this week by the President of the Shorthand Writers' Association. The superiority of the system has been testified to from all parts of Europe, America, and the Colonies. According to Mr. T. J. Woods, the "Battle of the Systems," which raged so furiously in the days of Weston and Byron, is likely to be repeated in the case of legible shorthand and phonography.

Tremendous indignation has been excited in Gaelic circles on both sides of the Grampians by the appearance of the census schedules, which provide space, not for recording the names of those who can speak Gaelic, but only of those who speak that uncouth tongue "habitually." All the genuine Celts resident in the Lowlands will thus appear as Sassenachs. A movement is procuring to circumvent this "arrant trifling" and "deliberate mockery."

Signor Foli, so it is said, is as as successful at *rouge-et-noir* as on the stage. Monte Carlo croupiers tremble before him.

A fit of peer-making of unusual severity has set in, for other new titles are now "confidently" predicted—among them Sir Thos. Maclure, Mr. Duncan McLaren, and Mr. Plimsoll.

At the Gaiety Bar.—My caution last night has highly offended some of the more undesirable frequenters of the Gaiety bar.

Borrowing half-crowns is certainly a profitable way of employing one's time. You have only to meet eight persons a day of a generous turn of mind.

The difficulty is to meet the eight persons.

This difficulty is so hard to be overcome that I have known appeals made (and not always in vain), to the twin giants who stand guard at the Gaiety, for the usual contribution of two-and-six towards the day's expenses.

Dick and Jack, as they are called, are anxiously on the look-out for gentlemen who have borrowed sundry half-crowns and florins from them, and the fireman, when he makes his nightly round, looks keenly along the bar to see if the gentleman is there who once had a shilling from him and never returned it.

I don't know whether the oyster-man has lent any money yet.

Apropos of Dick and Jack, there is a very amusing story. One fine summer day, an impecunious gentleman appealed to the former for the usual half-crown, "just to pay for a cab, you know." Dick, very wisely, "hadn't it on him," neither had the fireman when he was asked, remembering his lost shilling.

The impecunious one then went to Jack, and after telling the usual story, obtained what he wanted.

He then went outside, returned by another door, and in a spirit of bravado invited Dick and the fireman to drink with him, which they, knowing whence he had derived the funds, were not unwilling to do.

Imagine good-natured Jack's astonishment when he saw his chums assisting in spending his half-crown, and his regret when they explained afterwards that they considered it a duty they owed him to have as much out of it as possible, as he would never see it again.

Now, the Gaiety Bar is deservedly one of the most popular haunts in London, and it is a pity that these gentlemen who borrow cannot find some other place to do it in. Let them come and spend their borrowings at Messrs. Spiers and Pond's, by all means, but let them borrow elsewhere.

Soldiers are said to be taking to robbery and assault in Hyde-park, and a contemporary advises its readers "to strike their assailants across the face and then run, not forgetting to take note of the fellow's uniform. A man with a weal across his cheek can be easily picked out from a whole regiment on parade."

This is very bad advice, indeed. If you strike a man across the face and then run away, the chances are he will run after you—and catch you. No—give the point, there is nothing like it. A cut with an umbrella is absurd, and doesn't raise a weal. It only breaks the umbrella.

But the thrust direct is difficult to parry, and if you don't poke the soldier's eye out, you have then a chance of poking the ferule down his throat. A man with his eye out, and no front teeth, "can be easily picked out of a whole regiment or parade." Besides, he couldn't run after you.

During the garotting mania in Hyde Park some years ago a garotter confessed to the police that "an old party with a humberella that kept a-poking at a cove" was a most troublesome subject. "There was no 'aving 'im hanywhere."

Just think of the wretches! One of the rules of the Bachelor's Club is this :—"Members of the club may continue their membership after marriage as hon. members on payment of £25 to the funds of the club and the usual annual subscription.

A contemporary, the *Whitehall Review*, in fact, speaks of the *Standard* as being "unable to decide upon completely ratting." Now, the *Standard* has not ratted at all.

Its destinies have long been in Radical hands; its traditions are Conservative.

Upon certain questions it has joined issue with the Conservatives, and, to the thinking of a very large number of the public, has strengthened its position immensely by doing so.

It has certainly done its spiriting with such judgment that it now stands higher from the vendor's point of view (and this is a very practical test of success) than it has ever done.

To be consistent is a virtue in individuals; it is stupidity in a newspaper. No out-and-out paper can live, for the wave of events flow over and past it, leaving the *laudator temporis acti* stuck in the mud.

It is a function of editorial sagacity to recognise changes of circumstances, and to recast views in consonance with them. A horse was accustomed to come and be fed at a window, putting its nose into the room for the bread that was always waiting for it. But one day the window was accidentally shut, and the horse knowing nothing about glass, thrust its head through the pane.

To return, however, to the *Whitehall Review*. It says the *Standard* has concealed the fact of Colonel Ewart's mission from Gibraltar to the Transvaal "for good reasons." The real reason was, we suspect, that the *Standard* had not heard of it. But Colonel Ewart has gone out to see and report upon the working of the short service and linking battalion system, in the organisation of which he had so much to do.

Strong complaints are being made about the so-called "provident dispensaries" which are alleged to be springing up all over London. They are not charitable institutions, but purely commercial undertakings, and if, as I hear, it is true that as many as a dozen are worked by one individual—for profit, of course—it is quite time that public attention was turned to the matter.

Is the interpretation freely put upon certain words which fell from the lips of the First Commissioner of Works, on Tuesday night, the true one—viz., that the Government contemplate spending a million or two in building a new War Office, a new Admiralty, and, not unlikely, a new Home Office?

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, when he has recovered from the shock of that dreadful pistol, should commit these lines to memory :—

"Full may a maid has toyed with kerosene,
And sailed to glory in a gorgeous glare;
Full many a man has poked at glycerine,
And flown promiscuous through the desert air."

The pistol which was enclosed in a box to Sir William Harcourt was, on examination, found to be loaded with gravel and burnt cork.

We regret to hear a rumour to the effect that the pistol sent to Sir William Vernon Harcourt came from a juvenile relative, who has opinions of his own with regard to pocket money!

Suburban householders beware! The following occurred a day or two ago in West Dulwich :—

A young widow lady was recently visited there in her villa by a venerable and benign-looking gentleman, who announced himself as an old friend of her lately deceased husband. Having regard to his years—in appearance he is about seventy-five—and struck by the evidences of his subdued grief when describing himself as an ancient companion of her lamented lord, whom he spoke of familiarly by his Christian name, the young widow lady invited within her house the aged visitor, who was so bent upon paying a call of condolence.

Once seated, he recognised, with expressions of regret feigned to a nicety, the portrait of his dead friend over the mantelshelf. He indulged in many reminiscences of the departed, especially dwelling upon a period when he had known him in Duneaton, and speaking accurately to a number of details concerning him elsewhere. He tendered sympathies skilfully shaded by an aspect of shrinking sincerity, and formed the picture of benevolent, elderly affliction as he inquired for and listened to particulars of the husband's last illness.

He had already made himself out to be, in the eyes of his hostess, such a very early and valued friend of the deceased gentleman that it did not seem strange when the dear old man modestly requested a little refreshment after his long walk. He preferred whisky, which was quickly procured for him.

By-and-by he earnestly requested a photograph of his lamented comrade, and this he also received, with an inscription, specially indited for him, on the back of it.

Still engaged in the one topic of conversation, interesting, above all others, to the bereaved ladies, the old gentleman remained to luncheon.

Next day the back door of the house was forced and the same elderly visitor was observed prowling about in the neighbourhood!

Already it appears he has successfully imposed upon several ladies resident in Dulwich, who are the wives of officers at present serving in India. He speaks French fluently, and can also talk briskly in Hindustani.

He turns out to have been five times in prison: but how he "works up" their family histories is at this moment puzzling the good ladies of Dulwich.

The fancy dress ball, held last night at the Freemason's Hall, in aid of the French Hospital, and Italian Benevolent Society, was a great success.

One for you, Mr. Walter James! Your Bill providing further facilities for making open spaces in London available for recreation does you honour.

A special feature of this Bill is the clause which [illegible] that churchyards which have not been used [illegible] should be [illegible]

It is seldom, indeed, that one Bill comprises two such admirable projects as these.

General Roberts ought to receive a commission as *Rear*-Admiral. If not intercepted first, he will have arrived at Natal just in time to come back again. And a "life on the rolling deep" will be all the satisfaction he has got out of his new command. His campaign will be not unlike that famous operation which history attributes to the "g o l old Duke of York."

There are two gentlemen well known in Parliamentary circles who persistently defraud the District Railway Company every Thursday evening. Both travel first-class, but only one of them has a first-class ticket.

The way they intend to get out of any difficulty that may arise is this:—

A, purchasing a second-class ticket, hands it over to B, who, in turn, gives A the "first single, Westminster," he has just purchased. A then claims to ride in a first-class carriage by virtue of his first-class ticket, B preferring the same demand in consequence of having paid first-class fare!

At the Arts Club.

Some, of the very many, coming pictures not yet referred to by us, but well deserving of notice, are Mr. W. E. Marshall's "Horses at Brighton," Mr. C. E. Holloway's "I Dearly Love the Hour when Daylight Dies," Mr. R. Macbeth's "A Chain Ferry," and Mr. W. Hughes's "Gifts for the Golden Wedding."

We see Mr. Holloway's picture described as being "as lovely a picture as is likely to be seen next May on the w a'ls of Burlington House."

April 6th has been fixed for a *matinée* at the Globe Theatre, on behalf of the Society in Aid of Invalid Gentlewomen. *Trial by Jury*, *Black Sheep*, and *Who's to Win Him?* make up the promised bill-of-fare. There is time between this and then to say more of the performance.

Zola also among the Prophets! This notorious novelist is about to bring out a work of a moral tendency. He wishes to teach the lower orders that Socialism is not wholesome. But can we expect sweet water from a sewer?

Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt's managers have been scuffling in the train, and creating rather a scandal. Indeed, Mdlle. Bernhardt, by rushing out in her *robe-de-chambre*, and not waiting to "fix" her hair, just stopped matters from going from fisticuffs to weapons.

On her way from Bloomington to Milwaukee the divine was snowed up. The male part of the troupe got out and dug, while Mdlle. Sarah and her sister looked through the window and cheered them to heroic exertions.

Our delirious contributor writes to ask if we have seen "The Kernel" what came out of Mr. Burnand's nut? Of course we have. The D.C. adds that this does not mean that the nut was previously cracked.

On Thursday next, the 31st inst., under the Dome of the Brighton Pavillion, Mr. Kuhe will conduct the Lenten performance of Handel's masterpiece.

Mr. Boucicault's sensational drama, *Rescued*, has just been revived at the Princess's Theatre, in Glasgow, by Mr. Owen Johnstone.

Mr. Barry Sullivan is starring it as Othello in the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. His impersonation roused the audience to great enthusiasm.

Amateur actors have often the daring of those who rush in where angels fear to tread.

A group of these temerarious wearers of the sock and buskin—will it be credited?—meditate, I hear, putting their capacities to a crucial test, before long, in the Hall of the College for Men and Women in Queen's-square, Bloomsbury.

How? is it asked. Why by actually attempting to act Wilkie Collins' "Frozen Deep."

Something like horror, as I understand, is excited in the mind of the dramatist, by what he seems to regard almost n the light of a threat.

Is there no possibility of his being spared from the outrage?

It is curious to observe the different effect produced upon American and English threatrical connoisseurs by the announcement of the pecuniary arrangement between Messrs Irving and Booth, for the forthcoming performances at the Lyceum. It seems to be a mystery how the exact terms were made public, but there is now no use in concealing it.

Mr. Booth is to have 20 per cent. of the gross nightly receipts.

By Englishmen this is considered an example of almost unprecedented liberality on the part of a London manager; and so it probably is. But Americans who are unaccustomed to the theatrical usages of this land, and yet are tolerably familiar with their own system, look upon it as an extraordinary concession on their countryman's side.

They cannot understand why a "star" who has for years commanded 50 or 60 per cent. in his own part of the world, should be content with so inferior a share here. Mr. Booth himself, naturally, does not look at the matter in the same light. He is well aware that the business possibilities of playhouses in this country cannot be measured by those of America, and that no manager here would be justified in offering terms that are readily accorded there.

The truth is, that American receipts are far in excess of English, and persons who have happened to conduct dramatic enterprises in both places know very well the reason why. A first-class "star" in New York or Boston or Philadelphia is not at all elated at drawing average houses of £300, and upwards, throughout an engagement; and, under those circumstances, the manager can safely give him one-half of the receipts, or more. Every one knows that no such continuous revenue can be reckoned upon here—(though every one does not know the cause)—and, consequently, few actors could hope for even the share vouchsafed by the Lyceum lessee to Mr. Booth.

The truth is, that Mr. Booth, like many of his professional countrymen, has always had a strong desire to encounter the English public, and to measure the strength of his attractions for an audience which has had the making of so many splendid reputations, in times past and present. He must have set aside all pecuniary considerations before taking the first step in this direction. When an actor's annual income has exceeded £20,000 for a dozen years or more, he can well afford to devote a season or so to other than financial ends.

He is doubtless well enough satisfied with affairs as they are; and it is only by those who have the notion that the theatrical conditions of England and America are identical, that his willing acceptance of Mr. Irving's proposals will be misunderstood as a surrender of his customary claims.

Another instance of fondness for an English reputation, without especial regard to emolument, is shown by Mr. John S. Clarke, the favourite comedian. That gentleman

—with a regular income, as a "star," of some £10,000, and with one of the finest theatres in America as his personal property besides—chose to come over here, twelve years ago, and lose money persistently at an unpopular house, for the sake of winning fame. After a time he succeeded to the enjoyment of money as well as renown; but not in any degree approaching what he would have secured by remaining in the United States. He continues to live here, managing two theatres in Philadelphia by post and cable, going across every now and then to pick up in three months what would cost him a year's labour to earn here, and returning to spend it in the home of his adoption.

So it was, to some extent, with Mr. Jefferson, the personator of Rip Van Winkle. Year after year he received £100 per night for playing that charming part, he being one of those who prefer a fixed certainty to the chances of "shares." But he tarried long in England without making anything worth speaking of, and would probably have returned hither at any time, if he could have been assured of one-sixth part, or less, of that amount. It is a singular passion, not inexplicable, but difficult to reconcile with the eagerness for gain commonly attributed to actors, and the facility of some of them for acquiring it. If John McCullough, who is presently to appear at Drury-lane, should be interrogated on the subject, his case would be found identical. As a rule, the last thing an American actor of established rank thinks of when he seeks an opportunity to appear in London is the profit or the loss in store for him.

As soon as public curiosity is satisfied as to the whereabouts of the *The Cat*, Mr. Wyndham will probably bring out an adaptation from the French; done by Mr. G. R. Sims. The title of the new play is *French Flats*.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson presided at a meeting of the Fine Arts Society last night, when a second lecture was delivered by the Rev. J. N. Bradley, B.A., on "Book Decoration."

Ferdinand Hiller's oratorio, "The Fall of Jerusalem," was performed for the first time in London yesterday, the entertainment being at Grosvenor House, by permission of His Grace the Duke of Westminster, in aid of the Westminster Spiritual Aid Fund. Miss Holland's choir executed the music.

Churches and Churchmen.

As to the chairmanship of the Independent body for 1882, it is giving rise to a good deal of weary contention. Dr. Parker, of the City Temple (whose candidature we recently announced), and the Rev. J. A. Macfadyen, of Manchester, are the rival candidates. They want the former to wait till next year, but the doctor says: "I am older, I was first in the field, and I won't give way. Besides, with those who oppose me it will be, this year, next year, never." And so the wordy war will go on till the election in May next.

What is the Blue Ribbon movement? An organisation of that name has been started at Newcastle in connection with the Church of England, with the result that 16,000 persons have signed the pledge.

Law-abiding and loyal publicans will shudder at the idea of Ribbonmen of any colour being harboured within the pale of the Church.

I am informed that the next meeting of the Church Congress will be held at Newcastle. A meeting of the committee has already arranged the subjects to be considered.

Newcastle is pushing on with her bishopric scheme, if my information is correct, and only £17,000 are required to complete the guarantee fund.

Douglas, Isle of Man, is going to spend £25,000 on a new cathedral.

The subscription list for the Wilberforce Memorial Window is now closed, as the required sum of £465 has been received.

Official announcement was made yesterday that Lord Penzance would sit in the House of Lords, on Saturday, as Dean of Arches, to decide the *significavit* which is to be applied for in the Enraght case. Some difference has, however, arisen, as Mr. Perkins has ceased to be not merely a churchwarden, but even a parishioner.

Those who desire to see the Carmelite Church, Kensington, in its fullest splendour, should pay it a visit at four o'clock this afternoon, or eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. The devotion of the *Quarant 'Ore* is being performed, and the beautiful high altar is for forty hours the scene of unparalleled magnificence, the sanctuary being adorned with a lavish profusion of lighted candles and the choicest exotics. The choir is augmented for the occasion, and some very fine music is being rendered at the services—Santley being one of the soloists.

Law and Police.

An office-boy who contrives to rob his employer of bills to the amount of £2,500, and who further contrives in a few days to cash one of them for £128, is certainly a genius of some precocity.

His future career should be looked after, and constantly.

Walter Gibson, the ingenious youth referred to, having been captured at the Liverpool-street Station of the Great Eastern Railway, was yesterday brought before the magistrates at Guildhall, to be remanded almost immediately for further inquiry. His future education will doubtless be carefully attended to.

Lieutenant Roper's murder is a mystery in no way solved by the man Johnson's self-accusation.

Confessions of this kind, volunteered, of course, in the strictest confidence, to "all out of doors," are in nearly every instance incredible.

Besides, in this particular case, any one in the least acquainted with barrack life must know perfectly well that an unfamiliar face and figure, that of a civilian, who is probably a bagman, could not possibly come and go unobserved in officers' quarters. The loafing stranger would be inevitably there a marked man.

Le Lord Maire has his consolations. It must surely solace him as a pronounced champion of temperance, to know that at the Rotherham Court House, on Monday, a hawker, with more than one alias, was, by an ingenious device, summarily reclaimed from drunkenness.

Charged before the magistrate with being intoxicated,

his worship offered to deal with him leniently if he would sign the pledge.

"I'll sign at once!" cried the defendant.

"Then you will be fined 1s. and costs, on condition that you will immediately sign the pledge at——"

"I have a pledge in my pocket, and will fill it up at once," said a bystander. Whereupon—in Court—it was done accordingly.

We now have it on the authority of the *Law Journal* that it is not intended to fill up the vacant Judgeship.

If the vacancy made by Vice-Chancellor Malins' retirement were to be filled up, "Lawyer" writes to say that Mr. J. Pearson would have "something more than a claim." Mr. Chitty would not leave Oxford.

The Law Lords have expressed their determination to hear Sir Hardinge Giffard in the Mackonochie appeal.

Cuckoo Notes.

An indignant householder in the Strand displayed yesterday afternoon a large American flag from his first floor window. Beneath the flag was attached a piece of pasteboard, bearing the following inscription:—"In consequence of the hauling down of the Union Jack in the Transvaal, I am going under the Stars and Stripes!" That's what *he* thinks about it. Bully for you, sir!

"White will be worn this summer." This prediction may be very confidently relied upon, as white always is worn.

But old gold, we are told, "is losing some of its popularity," and red gains all that other colours lose—dark red especially, combined with every kind of pale tint, blue, pink, green, and maize.

Rooks eat grubs: grubs eat mangold-wurzels. To eat the grubs, therefore, the rook has to pull up the mangold-wurzel.

But the rook would never know where to look for the grubs if the young plants attacked by the insidious worm did not wear an unhealthy appearance. And from this fact a gruesome error arose.

A certain farmer transplanted a great number of young wurzels and left them, duly dibbled into their places. Next morning he came to look at them, and lo! each wurzel was pulled up and lying by the hole it had been planted in. Looking round he became aware of a company of rooks of dejected aspect, as of birds that had had a trick put upon them.

They had found the young plants drooping, as transplanted plants will do, and thinking "worms" were at the bottom of them had carefully pulled them up. The result was a mutual misunderstanding as sincere as deplorable. The farmer was furious with the rooks; the rooks disgusted with the farmer. "Yah!" said he, "the farmer's friend indeed! going and pulling up all my wurzels!"—"Yah!" said they, "you a farmer, indeed! going and pretending you had worms inside your wurzels!" And they parted thinking very little of each other.

How do little birds with no wings to speak of, and a feeble habit of body, manage to migrate with the seasons as they do? Hear *Nature*, and wonder at her ways.

"Many little birds find their way southwards from Palestine into Egypt, but this would be impossible where lofty mountains and broad seas intervene, so, to meet such cases, *the crane has been provided.*

These large birds are migratory and broad-backed. "In the autumn numerous flocks may be seen coming from the north with the first cold blasts from that quarter, flying low, and uttering a peculiar cry as if of alarm, as they circle over the cultivated plains. Little birds of every species may then be seen flying up to them, while the twittering songs of those already comfortably settled upon their backs may be distinctly heard. On their return in the spring they fly high, apparently considering that their little passengers can easily find their way down to the earth.

A wild horse, the progenitor of all horses, probably, has been discovered in Central Asia by the Russian explorer, Colonel Prejevalski. It is not the kind of gee-gee that the hansom driver would patronise, but it has served its turn in its day—a good primeval sort of horse.

Mr. Gladstone was interested to hear (I find) for the first time of his intended sea-trip during the Easter recess—as Cobbey's mother heard of her son's inability to eat fat at Mr. Squeer's—"from the public newspapers."

According to the official organ of the Government, "it is not thought necessary" that the Premier should personally take part in the debate on the vote of "No Confidence." What does this mean? Does Mr. Gladstone fight shy of outraging public opinion by individually championing his Cabinet's sneaking policy in regard to the yielding up of Candahar?

Mr. Herbert Gladstone delivered his maiden speech last night—and very effectively, too—in the discussion on the vote of "No Confidence" in his father's Government.

Mrs. Gladstone was in her accustomed place in the Ladies' Gallery, namely, in the last seat to the right of Mr Speaker.

Three men—Mooney, O'Donnell, and Coleman—are suspected of having been implicated in the Mansion House outrage. A reward of £400 has been announced by the Chief Commissioner of Police as a reward for their apprehension—£300 by Her Majesty's Government—that is, £100 for each man, and £100 from the City of London Corporation.

"I always knew that Brighton gave her fashions to London as the sea gives her shells to the shingle; but I am glad to see that London has had the sense to decline one leading article with thanks. Of course bangles have got to be too common, and of course if they are to continue worn, there must be some change in the fashion of them. But I do not like that idea of wearing them round the ankles. If an English girl is to put on what Highlanders dispense with, and Turkish maidens adopt, it may be all very well that a ring of gold should show she is a slave. But so long as she wears buttoned boots, I think myself there is nothing like leather.

"These leg bangles are fitted up with all kinds of pendents and bells, and the boots are worn high, so that the silver shall show on the black kid surface. Dumb people talk on their fingers, but the Brighton girls make themselves heard with their feet. These sweet belles seem to be bangled out of tune. I am sure, when the Countess of Salisbury dropped her garter, it did not fall about her ankles."—*Extract from a Private Letter.*

Colonel Richard Wadeson, V.C., who is to be the new Governor of Chelsea Hospital, won his way as the majority of Napoleon's marshals did—from the ranks.

Major-General Willis, who, by his promotion to the rank of Lieut.-General, retires from the command of the Northern District Depot, will be succeeded by Major-General John Black Spurgin, C.B., C.S.I.

Courts and Courtiers.

Tthe Prince and Princess of Wales arrived safely at St. Petersburg at five yesterday afternoon.

Their Royal Highnesses were met at two hours' journey from the capital by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Lord Dufferin. Their Royal Highnesses will occupy the Antchkin Palace, and their suite the Hotel de l'Europe.

The meeting between the Princess and her sister was most affecting.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz is at present in Paris, and is shortly expected to arrive in this country on a visit to the Duchess of Cambridge.

Among the most recent arrivals in town is Lady Burdett Coutts.

Lady Spencer, "an eminently beautiful blonde of the ethereal type," is styled by an American contemporary "he Queen of English society." Lady Spencer's brother, "Conway Seymour," was, in 1861, for some time Queen's messenger in America, "and is pleasantly remembered in some of our best New York houses."

Other Queens of Society have, according to the same contemporary, been, in chronological order, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Jersey, the Marchioness of Londonderry, and Emily Viscountess Palmerston. Closing the list is "the Countess Spencer, who has now been enthroned as the Berengaria of the season."

The Earl of Fife has been invested with the Order of the Thistle, in the room of the late Earl of Seafield. Prince Leopold assisted Her Majesty during the ceremony.

A private investiture of the Order of the Bath was held yesterday, when Major-General John Ross, Major-General Hills, and Colonel Stanley Gough were introduced into Her Majesty's presence by Viscount Torrington, and were invested with the insignia of the Military Division of the Second Class of the Order.

At the same presentation Major Montague Protheroe, of the Madras Staff Corps, and Captain Henry Wylie, of the Bengal Infantry, received the decoration of Companion of the Star of India.

The late Earl St. Germains was buried at Kensal-green Cemetery yesterday. There were four mourning coaches, occupied by the Hon. Henry C. Eliot, who succeeds to the title, Hon. and Rev. Walter and Louisa Ponsonby, Hon. Charles and Mrs. Eliot, Messrs. E., C., and W. Ponsonby, and Miss Ponsonby. Among the personal friends who met the mourners at the cemetery were Earl Beauchamp, the Earl of Onslow, Lord Braybrook, and Sir John St. Aubyn.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have arrived in town, and are staying at Thomas's.

Earl and Countess De la Warr have returned to England from Cannes, and now occupy their house in Grosvenor-street.

The Countess of Antrim has left 30, Lowndes-square and is now at her residence in Beaufort-gardens, South Kensington.

Lord Chesham is now recovering from the severe attack of gout which had been confining him to his room for some days.

A musical party was given by the Countess of Egmont last night, in St. James's-place, and Lord and Lady Tenterden entertained a numerous and distinguished company to dinner at their residence in Portland-place.

The visit of the Empress of Austria to this country is drawing to a close. She hunted yesterday for the last time with the North Cheshire hounds, the meet being private. The day's sport is said to have been the best Her Majesty has had. To-day she witnesses the Grand National at Aintree. Saturday she will spend quietly at Combermere, on Sunday she will visit Sir Watkin Wynn at Wynnastay, and the few succeeding days she will pass in London.

Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope was buried yesterday at Kilndown, near Bedgebury Park, Kent. The coffin arrived in England from Nice on Wednesday afternoon, and lay over night in the chapel at Bedgebury House. Among the sixty mourners who followed the deceased lady to the tomb were, besides Mr. Beresford-Hope and his two sons, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Eustace Cecil, Lord Sackville, and Lord Lionel Cecil.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Chichester, Earl Nelson, Lord Petre, Lord Waveney, Sir Edward Lugard, and Admiral Hamilton were present yesterday at a meeting of the Royal Patriotic Fund, held at 5, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square.

Sir Henry Havelock-Allan is erecting a modest mansion at Blackwell, on Teesside, in the midst of the great estate bequeathed to him with peculiar conditions by the late Robert Henry Allan. I hear also that Blackwell Grange, the seat of that famous Durham family of the Allans, is about to become again the residence of one of the family, after many years of closed doors and dust-settlements on its rich antiquarian treasures.

The Empress Eugenie left Camden-place finally on Wednesday last.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint Major-General T. F. Wilson, C.B., as Member of the Council of the Viceroy of India, in succession to General Sir Donald M. Stewart, G.C.B., who has recently been appointed Commander-in-Chief in India.

An amusing story reaches *Life* from Copenhagen. Sulkowsky, Duke of Bielitz, who is well known in English society for his riches as much as his eccentricity, has recently been staying in that capital. The Duke, whose estates in Bohemia and Austria bring him an income exceeding 10,000,000 of francs, habitually carries about with him on his travels a large and varied menagerie of wild animals. The charms of this establishment, however, do not appear to have been sufficient to dispel *ennui* in Copenhagen, and in addition he attached to himself, under promise of marriage, a somewhat well-known actress, of whom however, he became, with or without cause I know not, so intensely jealous that he inflicted on her severe ill-usage, eventually forcing her to seek the protection of the law courts.

A romantic and excited reconciliation took place between the pair under the very eye of the law, and the Duke, besides confirming the lady in the possession of diamonds worth 200,000 francs, laces worth 50,000 francs, toilet articles worth 100,000 francs, and furs worth 20,000 francs, besides also settling on her an income of 20,000 francs per annum, made her a gift of the sum of 50,000 francs as a salve for her wounded sensibilities. Whereupon the lady at once deserted her ducal *fiancé*, and expressed her intention of returning to the stage, leaving the eccentric nobleman to derive what consolation he may from his flying foxes and performing pelicans.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE

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